

At His Bedside

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Summary: Trowa muses on his feelings for Quatre as he watches him sleep. Sappy, but read it if you wish. :)

At His Bedside

>AT HIS BEDSIDE

>
Last night, I sat by his bed as he slept. He probably dreams, and unlike mine, his dreams probably aren't dark and morbid, nor crimson-colored; no, his would be a little girl's fairy tale; a meadow of sunflowers below the sky as blue as his eyes, and he would be laughing, chasing what seemed to be pale yellow butterflies, his golden halo caressed by sunlight.

>I often find myself a part of that dream, even though I tell myself frantically that I shouldn't. To taint this beautiful angel's dream, to paint over the serenity of his picture with my darkness, just isn't right. Yet to deny myself the need to dab at least a speckle of his world on the limbo I live in would be too much, so I remain a fugitive, hiding in the silken shadows.

>I gasped, surprised to feel a warmth enveloping my hand. It turned out to be his soft, nimble fingers clasping mine firmly. Amazingly, I felt the often rigid muscles of my jaw suddenly slide sideways, and before I knew it, I was smiling.

>I looked down at the exquisite cherubim lying on the bed, sleeping peacefully. He was smiling, too.

>

>AUTHOR'S NOTES: Sorry if this was too short, but I didn't want to be too lengthy. I figured Trowa has a lot more of thoughts in his head since he rarely talks, but then, he's just enjoying the moment, I guess. :)

>

>

End
file.